DINNA FORGET OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER

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CHAPTER I.

IT was in the sweet month of September, the soft afternoon of a day that had been hot even on the borders of the North Sea, which sends its breezes flying over the part of Essex which is not flat and marshy, but rich and undulating, and fair and pleasant to look upon. In London the people were gasping for breath, but here, though the day had been fairly hot, it was now at six o'clock soft and balmy, and by nightfall the air would be sharp and fresh.

It was such a fair day and such a fair view! Behind on the higher ground stood a rambling old house, half hall, half farm-house—a house with a long red-brick front, and a sort of terrace-garden from which you might look across the fields and the long green stretches of land over which the bold sea came and went at ebb and flow of the tides. It was a quaint old garden, with turf like velvet, and raised beds cut in it here and there, gay with blazing scarlet geraniums and blue lobelias, and kept neat and tidy by a quaint bordering of red tiles set edgeways into the ground. There were tall trees, too, about this domain, which hid the farm-buildings from sight, and also helped to shield the house from the fierce winter blasts, and in front there lay a rich and verdant meadow sloping gently down to the high-road, where just then a man and a young girl had stopped for a moment as they walked along together.

"Mayn't I come in?" the man said, imploringly.

"No, I don't think you must," the girl answered. "You see, auntie has gone to Colchester, and she wouldn't like me to ask you in when I knew she wasn't there. No, I don't think you must come in this time."

"Perhaps she will be back by this time," he urged; but the girl shook her head resolutely.

"No; for the train does not get to Wrabness til twenty-four minutes past seven—it is not as much past six yet," she said, simply.

"But," he said, finding that there was no chance of his effecting an entrance within the fortress, "are you bound to go in just yet?"

"No, I am not; but you are bound to go back to Lady Jane's for your dog-cart. She knows that you came with me, and she knows that auntie is in Colchester."

"Lady Jane knows too much," he said, vexedly. "Yes, I suppose I must go back. But I may carry your racket as far as the door, eh?"

"Oh, I think you may do that," answered the girl, demurely.

So together they turned and walked on. The road took a curve to the right, skirting the sloping meadow and rising gradually until they reached the gates of the old house, with its quaint red front and its many gables and dormer windows, and at the gate Dorothy Strode stopped and held out her hand for the racket.

"Thank you very much for bringing me home," she said, shyly, but with an upward glance of her blue eyes that went straight to the man's perhaps rather susceptible heart; "it was very good of you."

"Yes, but tell me," he answered, not letting go his hold of the racket, "the aunt has gone to Colchester, you say?"

"Yes."

"Does she often go?"

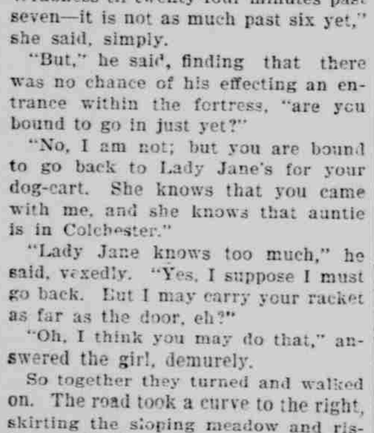
"Oh, no; not often."

"But how often? Once a week?"

"Once a week—oh, no; not once a month. Why do you ask?"

"Because for the present I live in Colchester. I am quartered there, you know, and I thought that perhaps sometimes when the auntie was coming you might be coming, too, and I might show you round a little—the lions and all that, you know. That was all."

"But I don't think," said Dorothy Strode, taking him literally, "that



TURNED AND WALKED ON.

auntie would ever want to be shown round Colchester, or the lions, or anything. You see, she has lived at the Hall for more than fifty years, and probably knows Colchester a thousand times as well as you do."

"True! I might have thought of that," and he laughed a little at his own mistake, then added suddenly: "But don't you think your aunt might like to come and have afternoon tea in my quarters? Old ladies generally love a bachelor tea."

"I don't think she would," said Dorothy, honestly. "You see, Mr. Harris, my aunt is rather strict, and she never does anything unusual, and—" At that moment she broke off short as a fairly smart dog-cart driven by a young man passed them, and returned the salute of the occupant, who had lifted his hat as soon as he saw her.

"Who is that?" asked the soldier, father jealously, frowning a little as he noticed the girl's heightened color.

"That is Mr. Stevenson," she answered, looking straight in front of her.

"Oh, Mr. Stevenson. And who is he when he's at home?" the soldier demanded.

"Very much the same as when he is not at home," answered Dorothy, with a gay laugh.

He laughed, too. "But tell me, who is he?"

"Oh, one of the gentlemen farmers round about."

It was evident that she did not want to talk about the owner of the dog-cart, but the soldier went on without heeding: "And you know him well?"

"I have known him all my life," she said, with studied carelessness.

In the face of her evident unwillingness to enlarge upon the subject, the soldier had no choice but to let her take the racket from him.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand to him.

"Good-by," he answered, holding it a good deal longer than was necessary; "but tell me I may come and call?"

"Yes, I think you might do that."

"You will tell your aunt that you met me, and that I am coming to call tomorrow?"

"That is a little soon, isn't it?" she said, laughing. "Besides, tomorrow there is a sewing-meeting."

"And you go?"

"Always."

"And you like it?" incredulously.

"No, candidly I don't; but in this world, at least in Graveleigh, one has to do a great many things that one does not like."

"And you might have to do worse things than go to a sewing-meeting, eh?" he suggested, for it suddenly flashed into his mind that there would be no gentlemen farmers in smart dog-carts at such feminine functions as sewing-meetings.

"That is so. Well, good-by."

"But you haven't said when I may come," he cried.

"No; say one day next week," with a gay laugh.

"But which day?"

"Oh, you must take your chance of that. Good-by," and then she passed in at the wide old gate, and disappeared among the bushes and shrubs which lined the short and crooked carriage-drive leading to the house.

CHAPTER II.

FOR a moment he stood there looking after her, then turned on his heel and retraced the steps which he had taken in Dorothy Strode's company, and as he went along he went again over all that she had said, thought of her beauty, her soft blue eyes, and fair, wind-tossed hair, of the grace of her movements, the strength and skill of her play, the sweet, half-shy voice, the gentle manner with now and then just a touch of roguish fun to relieve its softness. Then he recalled how she had looked up at him, and how softly she had spoken his name, "Mr. Harris," just as that farmer-fellow came along to distract her attention and bring the bright color into her cheeks, and, by Jove! he had come away and never told her that his name was not Harris at all, but Aylmer—Richard Aylmer, commonly known as "Dick," not only in his regiment, but in every place where he was known at all. Now how, his thoughts ran, could the little woman have got hold of an idea that his name was Harris? Dick Harris! Well, to be sure, it didn't sound bad, but then it did not suit him. Dick Aylmer he was and Dick Aylmer he would be to the end of the chapter except—except, ah, well, well, that was a contingency he need not trouble himself about at present. It was but a contingency and a remote one, and he could let it take care of itself until the time came for him to fairly look it in the face, when probably matters would conveniently and comfortably arrange themselves.

And then he fell to thinking about her again, and what a pretty name hers was—Dorothy Strode! Such a pretty name, only Dorothy Aylmer would look even prettier—Mrs. Richard Aylmer the prettiest of them all, except, perhaps, to hear his men friends calling her "Mrs. Dick."

And then he pulled himself up with a laugh to think how fast his thoughts had been running on—why, he had actually married himself already, after an hour and a half's acquaintance and before even he had begun his wooing! And with another laugh he turned in at the gates of Lady Jane's place, where he must say his farewells and get his dog-cart.

Lady Jane was still on the lawn, and welcomed him with a smile. She was a stout, motherly woman, still young enough to be sympathetic.

"Ah, you are back," she said. "Now, is not that a nice girl?"

"Charming," returned Dick, sitting down beside her and answering in his most conventional manner.

Lady Jane frowned a little, being quite deceived by the tone. She was fond of Dorothy herself and would dearly like to make a match for her. She had seen with joy that Mr. Aylmer seemed very attentive to her, and had encouraged him in his offer to escort her down the road to her aunt's house—and now he had come back again with his cold, conventional tones as if Dorothy was the tenth charming girl he had taken home that afternoon, and he had not cared much about the task.

"I heard you say a little time ago that you were going away," he remarked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, we are off tonight by the boat from Harwich," she answered. "Yes, it is rather a long passage—twelve hours—but the boats are big and the weather is smooth, and it is a great convenience being able to drive from from one's own door to the boat itself—one starts so much fresher, you know."

"Yes, that must be so," he replied, "though I never went over by this route. And how long do you stay?"

"All the winter," Lady Jane answered. "We go to Kissingen, though

SITTING DOWN BESIDE HER.

it is a trifle late for the place. Then on by the Engadine, Italian Lakes, and to Marseilles. After that to Algiers for several months."

"Algiers," he said in surprise, "really?"

"Yes, I need a warm climate in the winter, and it gives Mr. Sturt a chance both of life and of sport, so that he does not really feel being out of England for so long."

"And you come back next spring?"

"Yes; some time next spring," she answered.

Dick Aylmer got up then and began to make his adieux.

"Then good-by, Mr. Harris," said Lady Jane, with much cordiality, "and I hope to find you still at Colchester when we come back again. If not, you must come and see me in London during the season."

"Thanks, very many," he said, "but my——"

"Oh!" cried Lady Jane, in dismay, "look, look! the fox-terrier is worrying the Persian kitten. Do rescue it somebody, do, do!"

(To be continued.)

HERMIT IN A BIG CITY.

Why an Old Lady Has Shut Herself Off from tha World.

Various, indeed, are the ways in which eccentric people indulge their little peculiarities, but a decidedly original manner has been adopted by an old lady living here, says a Paris letter to the London Telegraph. On one of the grand boulevards stands a house with closed shutters and fastened door. Scarcely a sign of life is there about the place and the house has remained in a similiar state over a quarter of a century.

The owner is an old lady, who, on Sept. 4, 1870, the day on which the republic was proclaimed, resolutely determined that no one affected by republican ideas should ever cross the threshold of her dwelling. To avoid any such contingency she simply declined to allow any one inside and has refused all offers to hire either apartments or the shop below. The only time she breaks through her hard and fast rule is when workmen are permitted to enter in order to carry out repairs. Painters, carpenters, locksmiths and masons once a year in turn invade her privacy and make good any damage. To relatives whose political tendencies are the same as her own she is particularly gracious, but at the death of each one an apartment in the building is sealed up and now all are closed barring the very small one at the back of the house, which the anti-republican hermit reserves for her own use and that of her three servants. This strange behavior on the part of an old lady has repeatedly excited comment and numerous have been the attempts of people to gain an entrance by some ruse or other. All their efforts are foiled by an aged servant, who guards the front door with dragon-like vigilance, and the would-be intruder soon finds the portals slammed in his face and himself none the wiser for his curiosity.

Similar, but Different.

Landlord (to delinquent tenant)—"Well, what do you propose to do about the rent?" Tenant (examining torn trousers)—"Oh, it's not so bad. My tailor can fix it all right."

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, but there is only one between a man and the sidewalk.

NEW K. OF L. CHIEF.

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN HICKS A CONSERVATIVE.

A Thorough Believer in the Arbitration Principle—His Election a Wild Rebuke to Radicalism in the Great Order.

HENRY A. Hicks, who was elected at Louisville, Ky., by the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor to succeed James R. Sovereign, resigned, as general master workman, has been something of a conservative factor in that organization, so much so that until recently he had been heard of but little in some years. He joined the Knights of Labor not long after 1880 and for a time was active in the councils of the order. He was at an early day selected as a delegate to District Assembly 49, New York city. He interested himself in the Henry George campaign of 1886 and since then has been, perhaps, known more as a Labor Socialist than as a K. of L. worker. He is at present national committeeman for New York state in the People's Party. His belief was in arbitration rather than the strike as a means of settlement of the disputes arising between capital and labor. It is not therefore surprising that the Knights of Labor did not regard him, at the time of his first prominence, as a "progressive." When the "progressives" pushed their ideas forward he retired from active participation in labor agitation, but has come to the front again recently. Hicks is a native American and lives in New York city. He is 45 years old and is married. His trade is that of a stair builder and his present work superintending in new buildings. He

HENRY A. HICKS.

was chosen to represent the stair builders in District Assembly 253, K. of L., in 1887, as a master workman. He instigated a movement for the consolidation of local assemblies into a state assembly, and the project was carried into effect later on. In 1890 he was selected to succeed George Warren as master workman of Building Constructors' District Assembly 253. Afterward he became president of the State Congress of District and Local Assemblies, Knights of Labor. He has been for a number of years a delegate to the General Assembly.

PROPHECIES REALIZED.

America vs. Europe as a Manufacturing Competitor.

The insular prejudices and the complacent self-sufficiency of the average Briton have long hindered him from understanding or admitting the possibility of other nations ultimately occupying fields of industrial activity that he has for generations been accustomed to look upon as entirely his own, says the Engineering Magazine. The earlier prophets of the impending danger were treated with even more than the ordinary amount of intolerance proverbially accorded in their own country to those who do not prophesy smooth things. Here and there, however, a voice was heard crying in the wilderness. Cobden, more than fifty years ago, pointed out that "it was to the industry, the economy and the peaceful policy of America, and not to the growth of Russia, that politicians and statesmen of whatever creed ought to direct their anxious attention, for it was by these, and not by the efforts of barbarian force, that the power and greatness of England were in danger of being superseded." Lytton, in his "Coming Race," speaks of that American, and notably industrial, progress "in which Europe enviously seeks her model, and tremblingly foresees her doom." For years past the "lights in the window" have shown that British industrial prowess was not so safe as it was supposed to be, and that the threat of American competition on a colossal scale was not a mere phantom. But that possibility has never been brought so near to our inner consciousness as it is at the present time. Great Britain is now importing American pig iron, American steel rails, American wire, American agricultural machinery, American machine tools and many other American products. The aggregate value of these importations must be very considerable. I know of one case where a single firm imported last year, in six months only, American machinery, including machine tools, to the value of nearly £150,000. That this competition has come to stay appears to be generally admitted. The conditions and prospects of American competition appear, indeed, for the moment, to overshadow every other industrial problem, except that of labor, with which it has a closer affinity than is usually supposed, and to call for the most serious consideration.

MORRIS THE POET.

Wales Is Proud of Her Most Distinguished Son.

Lewis Morris, one of the greatest of living poets, was born in Carmarthen, Wales. He has been at odd times officially associated with the University College of Wales, of which he was honorary secretary and afterward treasurer. Mr. Morris' most widely read work is "The Epic of Hades," his "Gycia," a drama, and sixteen editions. It appeared in parts during the years 1876 and 1877. In 1878 he published "Gwen," a drama, and in 1880 "The Ode of Life," both of which have gone through eighteen editions. In October, 1883, appeared his "Songs Unsung," which has reached upward of fifteen editions. Fifteen editions of his "Gycie," a drama, and sixteen editions of his "Songs of Britain" have been turned out of the press of his publishers since 1886 and 1887. The latter work contains several very beautiful poems dealing with Welsh legends. Mr. Morris wrote an ode on the occasion of the queen's jubilee ten years ago for which he received the jubilee medal from the queen. In 1890 Mr. Morris published a poem, "A Vision of the Saints," after the manner of Dante, which he designed as a complement to his "Epic of Hades." He endeavors to do for the Christian ideal in this work what his "Epic" did for the pagan. The poet of very recent years has been chiefly engaged in collecting his old works rather than in producing new ones. He is now 64 years old. He was called to the bar at 22, but never practiced the law, preferring to devote himself quite to literature, poetry especially, and to

LEWIS MORRIS.

the encouragement of higher education in Wales. The sale of his books increases year by year.

Suggesting a Social Reform.

From Harper's Bazar: "I think it is the most ridiculous idea," said Mrs. Newlywed, "celebrating your diamond wedding when you have been married seventy-five years. I'm going to reverse it the way it ought to be—the diamond wedding first, then the golden, and so forth. Why, even if you should live seventy-five years after you were married you would be too old to go to dinners and dances where you could wear the diamonds."